The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1887. NUMBER 18.

EASTER MORN.

Ere yet the shadowy mountain-tops
Were silvered with the light,
Or off the lilies slipped the drops
Won from the dewy night;
Ere yet the morning's incense curled
O er the glimmering Galilee,
The grave had yielded to the world
Its awful mystery.

Through all the night the pallid stars
Watched trembling o'er the tomb,
And Olivet wrapped all its scars
Deep in the fragrant gloom;
The world one instant held its breath,
When from the flashing Heaven
God's angel swept, more strong than death,
And death's dark bonds were riven.

Forth from the sepulchre's embrace
Behold the Conqueror come!
O morning sun, unveil thy face!
O earth, no more be dumb!
From century to century
The paean now shall ring—
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

—*James B. Kenyon, in Current.*

A NIGHT IN THE ALPS.

An Harmonious Combination of Nature's Beauty and Utility.

A Search After the Mysteries of "Schabziger Cheese."—Gretchen and the "Brown Switzers."—The Secret Found in the Native Clover.

I was an officer of our Government in Switzerland for many years, and an inclination for snow-fields and mountain-heights led me to spend my vacations in the higher Alps. I was, besides, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and this in itself led to many mountain excursions, in company with half a dozen members of the club, rigged out with heavy shoes, knee-breeches, a knapsack and canteen, not forgetting the never-to-be-neglected Alpine-stick. With what joyous spirits we left the crowded city, and climbed up into the beautiful mountains! What songs we sang, what tales we told, and what ruddy cheeks and stout lungs we carried home with the wreaths of Alpine roses about our hats!

Our Government sometimes requires queer work of its consuls abroad. The duty becomes the more interesting when the circumstances also are novel or unusual. I was once directed to learn, if possible, how "Schabziger cheese" was made. Some dairyman, probably, wishing the information, had requested the Department of State at Washington to write me on the subject. Now, the proper making of this very peculiar and little known cheese is a secret of a few peasants in the high Swiss Alps.

This was an interesting command for me, who liked nothing better than a climb above the clouds.

On an August afternoon I set out from Zurich, and crossing the lake, took a mountain railway train for one of the green valleys of the Glarus Alps.

The little mountain village where the train stopped is two thousand feet above sea level, but before me was a climb of four thousand feet up the sides of a mountain I had never seen. It was still early, and the sun was reflected from snow-covered peaks in the neighborhood, that were ten to twelve thousand feet in height. The weather was perfect, and it would not be dark before eight or nine o'clock.

After considerable searching about the village, whose log houses were the color of well-smoked hams, I found the home of a mountain guide. A good guide would be a necessity.

How very unfortunate, I thought, on hearing from the woman that opened the door for me that her husband was not at home. What was I to do? It would be dangerous to attempt the climb alone.

"Why, mamma, I'll go with the gentleman!" I heard a pleasant voice say. "I've been up there a hundred times, you know," and just then a pretty, roguish, coquettish-looking girl, with coal-black eyes and a sweet laugh, came to the door.

"But can you?" I said.

"Why, certainly. Why not? I'm a better climber than the gentleman is," replied the bright-faced girl, who must have been sixteen, spite of her diminutive size.

"Good!" I said. "Very well; and the five-franc fee shall be yours."

Gretchen was, in fact, as good a mountain-climber as I, and I had prided myself on being a not unworthy member of the Alpine Club. For the first half-hour we trudged gaily along up smooth, steep slopes, covered with the greenest grass, and where herded hundreds of cattle known as the "Brown Switzer." Beautiful cattle they were, too, with their mouse-colored skins, their soft hair, and their great eyes! They are as good-natured as kittens, and are usually fat. It was an Arcadian scene to see Gretchen, as we passed up a path on the green hillside, call to half-a-dozen mouse colored heifers that were grazing near us.

"Come, Reni! Come, Cherry, Vetti! Don't you know me?" spoke Gretchen, kindly; and the household pets sprang over a little brook, and came to her little a flock of doves.

The steep ascent began, and became steeper and steeper. Soon the little brown village seemed far below us, and the green pastures and Gretchen's pet heifers, being nearer the foot of the forest-covered mountain, were now out of sight. Once we stopped to rest, and walked out on a ledge of rock that overhung a precipice two thousand feet in height.

We could look over the little brown villages for forty miles up and down the valley, and could trace the white roads, that looked almost like chalk-lines, stretching now on one side the rapid river, and now on the other. Our path lay by many a rugged and dangerous spot; here among clusters of heavy beech trees, there among rocks and gnarled pines, that clung to the edge of some abyss. As we were above the snow-line, though there was little or no snow on the mountain, the air, hot as the day was in the valley, was bracing and delicious. It was an intoxicating pleasure simply to open the mouth wide, and let the delicious draughts blow in.

"In five minutes we are up!" cried Gretchen, as we rounded a very steep point in the path that had almost broken our knees and used up our breath.

Sure enough, one little steep climb of a couple of hundred feet, and we stood on a beautiful plateau covered with grass. It was a mile long, and half a mile wide, and seemed like a fairy meadow hung among the clouds. This is what the Swiss call an "alp," and the shepherds, when talking of the alps, refer to these little green meadows above the clouds. Gretchen got her supper from a herdsman whom she knew, and who seemed much to like her. From me she had the five-franc piece for a new gown, and an American's sincere thanks. In ten minutes she was bouncing, like a scared roe, down the steep sides of the mountain.

The fact that I was a member of the Swiss Alpine Club soon brought me acquaintances among the half-dozen dairymen, or "senns," as they call them in the Alps. There were sixty of the beautiful brown Switzer cows on the little alp, and six senns to herd them, and make their milk into "Schabziger cheese."

"Yes," said one of the senns, "I have been on this alp all the summers for seventeen years, and one of my comrades has been here nine summers. The other young fellows are here for their first season. We will get the cows in and milked, and after supper I will tell you something about the cheese."

"It is no great secret then, after all," I thought, "if I am to learn it so easily."

The chief senn stepped up on a great bowlder that served as a wind-break for the little hut, and gave a Swiss "jodel," that peculiar and difficult song of the mountaineers.

"Ho alli! ho alli! ho alli ho! hu-hu-alli ho!"

None but the strong, practised voice of the mountaineer, and then only in the air of the high alps, can safely venture on the weird melody, which the rocks take up and reverberate, and far-off shepherds hear and answer back. Every cow of the drove, though half a mile away, knew the senn's jodel, and slowly marched into the low stone shed to be milked. One side of the hut was boarded off, and there stood a dozen of the soft-eyed, mouse-colored cows, tied all in a row, their heads looking over the manager toward us, seemingly listening to what we were saying, while their bells tinkled a curious accompaniment. It became a little chillier, later, and one of the senns brought in an enormous armful of dried Alpine roses. What a romantic sort of fire it was!

"We must dig them up by the tens of wagon-loads," said the senn, "or they overrun our meadows and spoil them."

It seemed wasteful to be burning such rare and beautiful things, and I recalled that down in the valleys, and in the cities, a single little *boutonnier* of them sold for a quarter, and that a fine bouquet of Alpine roses was worth two dollars when quite fresh.

"It is bed-time, so let us turn in," was the command, "for we are up in the morning at four o'clock."

There was but one bed for seven men. It was made of a number of rude poles, laid together, side by side, resembling a corduroy bridge. Our bedding was hay, pulverized to fineness from much use. Our covering a heavy canvas tarpaulin. Seven men, on seven poles, sleeping under one tarpaulin! As I tried and tried to sleep that night, the cow-bells that had seemed to tinkle so sweetly the night before, became a great annoyance. Would they never stop their rattle? In spite of them, I did sleep, at last, a little, and then other things conspired to wake me.

One was the deep snoring of my six comrades under the tarpaulin. Another was an army of what Mark Twain once described as the "Swiss chamois." They were, in fact, simply mountain fleas; but most superior in size, and numerous in quantity. What with the snores, the fleas, the hard poles, and the cow-bells, real sleep, even rest, became out of the question. It was after midnight, and the full moon was up. Without taking the trouble to make a toilet, I went out of the cabin.

What a sight! Never in my life had I seen such perfect, such glorious moonlight. It was like stepping suddenly into a brighter world. The perfect atmosphere made the shining of the moon a light almost beyond description. Great snow-fields and ice-gorges, lying on other mountain slopes far across the valley, reflected the light with a marvelous beauty. Far up to the right and left stood snow-peaks more dazzling and beautiful than the minarets of Oriental palaces. Here and there a gray mountain, bald of snow, held up its granite breast like some cathedral. The stars shone with a perfect splendor. Every constellation, every group, every star, stood out in startling detail.

It was a night only possible in certain seasons in the higher altitudes and perfect atmosphere of the Alps. I could see far down into the valley, thousands of feet below me, and I thought at times in the stillness I heard the flowing of the rapid river. I soon forgot the annoyances of the calf'n, the rattling cow-bells, and the hard poles, in admiration of a scene such as I may never see again!

At four o'clock the herdsmen rose; the stone hut containing the little dairy was opened, and by daylight I had been initiated into the mysteries of making the "Schabziger cheese." The process was not greatly different from that used in making other Swiss cheese. It differed in detail, but the great secret lay in the use of a certain herb, which gives the cheese its delicious flavor and peculiar color. This herb does not grow in America, nor is it to be found anywhere outside of the little district of Laachen, by the Glarus Alps. It is called cheese clover, or *melilotus coerulea.*

These cheeses are little bits of green things, the shape of teacups, and they are shipped from Glarus as great delicacies to many quarters of the earth. Our common sage cheese is an imitation of them. When the autumn comes, these senns and their herd of cows will go down the mountain for the winter. The men will wear wreaths of roses, and the pretty cows will have festoons of roses around their horns, and all the villagers will turn out to welcome them, with song and dance.

It is the harvest of the dairy. The cows do not belong to the six senns on the mountain only; they are the property of all the villagers, and the cow that is reported as having produced the most milk while on the Alps, will be rewarded with a new bell, and will be called the queen cow of the village for a year.—*S. H. M. Byers, in Youth's Companion.*

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Importance of the Proposed British-American and Hong-Kong Cable Line.

The time is not distant when the whole globe will be covered with a network of telegraph wires. Nearly all commercial ports on every continent are now in communication with the centers of trade in Europe and America. The last great gap is about to be filled up by the laying of cables under the Pacific ocean. A company of British capitalists has been organized to lay a cable from Vancouver, B. C., to Hong Kong, China. There will be branches and connections with Japan and the principal islands of the Pacific ocean. The importance of this multiplication of verbal communication between different parts of the world can not be overestimated. For one thing, it will probably lay the basis for a universal language—a telegraphic code will be established that can be read by operators the world over. Then, as has been frequently pointed out, mercantile profits are reduced to a minimum when a knowledge of prices in the various markets is flashed instantaneously from the buying to the selling marts of trade. The enormous profits of former periods was simply an insurance against the risks of sending cargoes to distant ports in ignorance of the prices that might prevail when the vessels reached their destinations. There are also those who dream that this instantaneous communication between one end of the earth and the other may bring about a single government for the whole globe, and thus usher in the era when peace will prevail, and industry be the one material pursuit of mankind. The labor question can never be settled until there is an agreement all over the world as to what the workingmen's share of the aggregate production shall be.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

MORGANATIC UNIONS.

An Unnatural Restriction Recognized Among the Scions of Royalty.

For centuries past the rule rigidly enforced by successive crowned heads of Europe has been that members of their families shall not marry out of a certain boundary—that is, shall always marry members of their own or a few other royal families. If ever a Prince or Princess, yielding to the natural influence of affection, should marry out of this select circle, such a union is not recognized by any of the exclusively "illustrious" persons who belong to it. The marriage may be solemnized in the most regular manner by a duly qualified clergyman, but the etiquette of royalty declares that it is null and void from first to last, and that its fruits shall be illegitimate. So much recognized is this exclusive and unnatural restriction, that all such marriages are called morganatic, a Germanized term, derived from *morgen*, morning, and *gifu*, a gift, alluding to a dowry which used to be paid the morning after a marriage, when this dowry was given and received in lieu of all other dowry, and also of rights of inheritance that might fall to the issue of such marriages. Sometimes it is called a left-handed marriage, probably because it was believed that the royal personage contracting it gave the golden ring to the bride with the left hand, and not, as in all other cases, with the right. Any person not of blood-royal, who contracts such a marriage, knows, beforehand, that he or she is not publicly recognized as husband and wife, and that the children from such a marriage can neither enjoy the rank nor inherit the possessions of the superior party.—*Boston Budget.*

—When sleeping a rat rolls himself up into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs; he curls his tail around the outside of his body; no part of him projecting but his two delicate ears, which are adapted for catching every sound.

CARE OF CLOTHING.

Some Wholesome Advice on the Subject for Both Women and Men.

The proper care of men's as well as women's clothing has a great deal to do, not only with its looking well, but with the length of time which it lasts. Clothes of wool which are rarely brushed and never hung out of doors soon come to have an appearance of long use, when the same clothes if carefully brushed every day and frequently hung out of doors will always be fresh, and will keep their good looks very much longer. Care should be used to select a brush-broom or whisk of fine broom-corn. It will cost more than the coarser ones, but in the end will be a saving, as the coarser ones wear the clothing more rapidly. Coats and cloaks should be hung always on the little wire frames, costing but five or ten cents, which come for that purpose. The frames should first be covered with some soft material to prevent the garments from breaking over their edges. If made of wood this is not necessary; the wooden ones, however, are a little more expensive. It is better to hang than to fold almost all dresses, if one has sufficient room, but if the room is limited and the dresses crowded if hung, then they should be folded, as any thing if better than the "stringy" look which dresses crowded together in a small closet may soon acquire.

If a dress of woolen material has any drapery it will be found to keep its freshness very much longer if the skirt is always bottom upward. With a little practice and care this will be easily done, and the creases prevented which come so quickly even in the best of materials from the folds hanging always the same way, both when in wear and when not. Never sit down in a damp dress if it can be avoided, for nothing so successfully creases it. It should be at once taken off and hung in a good position to dry. Careful attention should always be paid to dress braids and facings. If a braid is replaced as soon as it commences to wear the facing will in many instances be saved. A dress braid should always be put on by hand, and, in most instances, "rolled on." If sewed on by machine more time is consumed in ripping it off, when it requires replacing, than in both sewing on and ripping off a braid sewn on by hand. If one has to be much in the kitchen woolen dresses should not be worn there. They hold the odors and smoke, and soon become grimy and smoky.

Closets in which clothing is kept should be aired every day. If dresses are to lie in trunks or drawers they should be folded with great care, and always right side out, particulary if lined, as the dress material, folding over the lining, prevents in a measure its creasing. Dresses which can be hung right side out crease and string much less that those which are hung up wrong side out. They may be easily protected from dust by hanging a sheet or a curtain made of calico over them. Hats and bonnets should be kept well brushed with a soft manilla brush. Whisks are too stiff and harsh to be used. When not in use they should be kept in a box or close closet or drawer, if one chances to have them of sufficient depth.

If summer dresses of wash materials are always folded smoothly on taking them off they will require, unless actually soiled, much less frequent laundering than when hung. Treated in this way by a moderately careful person, a linen lawn dress may some times be worn every day for two weeks. The dress, however, must have been well done up to commence with.

The care of boots, shoes and slippers, which do their full share in giving one a tidy, well-dressed air, must not be forgotten. Firstly, never allow a boot or shoe to become run over at the heel. No heel is better than a run-over one. If you can not afford to keep them straight by frequent rebuilding cut off the lift each time one becomes run over. With great care this habit of running over heels may be almost entirely cured. A greater assistance than nails on the side run over is to have a small wedge forced between the layers of the heel on the run-over side, thus forcing the foot to tread the other way. If this is persistently kept up, the boot will soon show a great improvement. A boot should never be worn with buttons off or with knots in the shoestrings, both being untidy. No matter how old a boot may be, even if patched, if the buttons are all on, the heels straight and it is well blackened, it has a tidy, well-dressed appearance. Slippers above all things must be irreproachable in the way of being whole and well blackened.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Take Care of the Babies.

The great mortality among children is very noticeable in the death rates of most American cities. It would be greatly lessened if parents would use some common sense. Babies are much more susceptible to cold than are adults, and yet a mother will go out, herself warmly clad from head to foot, and allow her child to patter beside her on the cold pavement in its little house shoes. Another practice which should be protested against is allowing a nurse to stand near a window with the babe in her arms while she indulges her curiosity in looking at the passers-by. Many a baby has had an attack of croup from the cold which radiated from the window on the delicate little lungs or legs. Even with double sash there is generally cold air coming through the openings, and the panes themselves, with the weather at zero, chill the air in the close vicinity.—*Detroit Tribune.*

PITH AND POINT.

—There is no law to prevent a man's making a fool of himself. If there was, some men would be at a loss to pass the time.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

—A lady, in speaking of a recent failure, remarked, quite innocently, that Brown had given up his pew in church, but not his horses and carriage.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—He (tenderly): And what do you think of the engagement ring I sent you, Gertie? She (delightedly): Oh it is beautiful—in fact, the handsomest one I ever had given me!"

—An exchange says: "It is usually the unmarried women who write about 'How to Manage a Husband.'" Of course it is. You don't find the married woman giving away her little plan.—*Boston Transcript.*

—K street girl to her brother—I say, Harry, the girls on Sixteenth street have organized a "Thought Club." Harry—"Thought Club," eh? Thinking about whether they'll catch a husband this season or have to wait over another year.—*Washington Critic.*

—Epitaph on a Kitchen Girl.—
Departed from this world of strife
To regions pleasant and serene:
The last scene of this maiden's life
Was kerosene.
—*Boston Courie.*

—A self-swinging mop is one of the latest inventions. By and by mops will be intelligent enough to heat water and go through the whole ceremony without the help of the hired girl. This will give the girl one more afternoon out (making eight in all) every week.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

—"How do you like your new position?" inquired a traveling man of a friend. "O, first rate." "Your employer treats you well, does he?" "Yes, indeed. He has already given me a raise." "What, so soon? When was it?" "Last Sunday night, when I called on his daughter."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Young Clammy (with a tremendous idea of his conversational powers)—My mother will be down in a few moments, Miss Keene. Cawn't I entertain you until she comes? Miss Keene—How good of you, Mr. Clammy. Will you be kind enough to watch my coachman out of the window and see that he keeps his cape buttoned up tightly? The poor fellow is so delicate, you know.—*Tid-Bits.*

—Said the saleslady at the hair store: "Women are funny things. When they come to purchase false hair it is never for themselves. It is invariably for a friend. Then they take out a lock of hair as a sample for matching. Right from their own heads, of course. They can't fool me; I've seen too many of 'em." This is what the saleslady said. Of course we don't believe a word of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

PASTEUR'S WORK.

One of the Most Beneficial Discoveries Made by the Great French Scientist.

Pasteur's next work was to demonstrate that spontaneous generation was a myth; and he then discovered the germ which caused so much havoc among the silk-worms of France and other countries. He demonstrated that the disease among the silk-worms was contagious, and gave practical directions for its prevention, which restored the silk industry to Europe. This work led him to the great work of his life—the development of the theory of the parasitic origin of communicable diseases; and in this effort he took up the disease known as anthrax or splenic fever, which was decimating the flocks of all Europe. He put a drop of splenic-fever blood into sterilized yeast water; in a few hours it swarmed with myriads of bacteria. A drop of the first cultivation he put into a second flask containing the same kind of liquid and the bacteria multiplied as before.

The process he repeated fifteen or twenty times, and by this means freed the initial drop of blood from any substance it might have carried with it. And now, if a drop of this last cultivation is injected under the skin of a rabbit or a sheep, the animal dies with all the symptoms of idiopathic splenic fever. Pasteur had studied vaccination, and he now undertook to "vaccinate for protection of animals against splenic fever. Before the close of the year 1881 Pasteur had "vaccinated" 33,946 animals. In 1882 the number amounted to 399,102, including 47,000 oxen and 2,000 horses. In 1883 100,000 were added to the list. In 1881 it was the common practice of farmers to "vaccinate" one half of their herd and leave the remaining half unprotected. It was found at the close of the year that the loss in protected sheep was ten times less than in the unprotected, being 1 to 740 as against 1 in 78. In cows and oxen it was fourteen times less.

Saw-Dust for Litter.

Pine saw-dust is of no value as manure, and from considerable experience with it some years ago, when it was used for bedding for twenty head of horse and work cattle, we would never use it again. The manure was so dry and light that it mildewed and fire-fanged in spite of all efforts, and when plowed in for a crop of potatoes there was a very small yield as far as this manure went. Hard wood saw-dust, on the other hand, is far better; it decays quickly and keeps moist. We are using as much of it as we can procure for littering horses and cows and consider it valuable. The two manures, however, should be mixed together as the horse manure is apt to heat too much.—*N. Y. Times.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

If in this world you would succeed,
You must be brave and true:
Don't stand aloof and slight your work
Because 'tis hard to do.
If troubles come and sorrows rise,
Then show yourself a man:
Let courage nerve you for your work,
And do the best you can.

And in your study or your play,
Determine to excel;
Don't lag behind, but "hoe your row,"
And strive to hoe it well.
In all your play, in all your work,
Just try the golden plan:
Be ready, active, brave and bold,
And do the best you can.

Life's battle now is fairly on,
And there is work to do.
Will you be active in the fight,
And to your colors true?
You see the men around you now
Who thus their lives began;
Then courage take, brave efforts make,
And do the best you can.

—*Elliott McBride.*

ANT WORKERS.

How the Nurses Who Tend the Baby Ants Are Protected—The Fighters.

Shall I tell you a story of two little sisters who went berrying one bright summer's day? They picked and picked away until they had filled their baskets, and then they set out for home. On their way they felt tired and sat down to rest. And where do you think they sat? Why, on the side of a mound that some ants had built. I wish you could have seen those ants come out. They are very angry little creatures when they think any one is disturbing their home. They stung these little girls' heads and hands, so the girls thought. But the ants did not really sting them. They bit them and then put into the wounds a tiny drop of poison which made the wounds sting and burn.

The mounds which these little workers build are from one to three feet in height, and from two to thirteen feet wide.

These mounds are connected by covered streets which are dug by the ants themselves. Parts of these roads are tunnels, like the tunnel of the Hoosac railroad. Other parts are like little ditches, and have a roof of sticks, leaves and earth. It is thought that these roads are made for the nurses, to protect them from the enemies of ants, about which you will hear by and by. Because if the nurses should be killed, the baby-ants would die for want of care. If you or I should happen to disturb one of these roads, away would go a whole host of ants to repair them.

The mounds are full of little rooms where the baby-ants are cared for. Some people think the mounds are built on purpose for the babies and their nurses. For the other ants seem to work outside and have no need of the covered streets in order to protect themselves.

If those ant-babies should all begin to cry what a noise there would be! A thousand babies crying at once, and the nurses walking the floor with them would certainly make a stir in the house! The nurse-ants do keep running up and down stairs a great deal. If it be too hot or cold, or too wet, the baby-ants must be carried up or down stairs, as the case may be.

The mound-builder ant is a delicate but wide-awake ant. When these ants advance upon their enemies, they bite right and left, but hop about merrily, to avoid being bitten themselves. If they are fighting with larger ants, they jump up on their backs and seize them by the neck. That does not seem hardly fair, does it? And what seems meaner still, three or four will capture one of their foes, and each will pull a different way so that the poor creature can not escape. Then one of them will spring upon its back and saw its head off.

These ants like sweet things to eat; so when you go to visit their city you must carry some candy, that they may have a little feast.—*Fannie A. Deane, in Our Little Men and Women.*

REAL INTEGRITY.

The Act of a Young Man Bootblack, Which Shows How "the Boy Is Father to the Man."

"Shine, sir?"

And a bright, manly-looking lad of nine summers stepped up to a gentleman in the Grand Central depot, New York, and casting his large brown eyes up into his face, asked: "Shine, sir?"

"I want my shoes polished," said the gentleman.

"Then, I would be glad to shine them," replied the boy.

"Have I time to catch the Baltimore and Ohio train?"

"No time to lose, sir. I can give you a good job before it pulls out."

"Certain of it?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I?"

"Yes."

And in a pair of seconds the bootblack was down on his knees, and placing his box in preparation, was at work.

"Don't let me get left," said the gentleman.

"I won't, sir," replied the boy, as he plied both brushes with rapidity.

"What's your name?"

"Paul Fay."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he is dead—no one but mother, I and the children. The train is going, sir."

The gentleman reached his hand in his pocket, and drawing out a silver half dollar handed it to the boy, who pulled out a lot of change, and began to count out the correct amount. The gentleman moved off toward the train fearing he would get left, and before the little fellow could get to him the train pulled out.

Two years later the same gentleman was called to New York on business. He had forgotten the little bootblack and his forty-five cents change.

As he wandered up the street the second day after his arrival, he was approached by a lad who said:

"Were you ever here before?"

"Yes, bubby," was the reply.

"When?" the boy asked.

"About two years ago."

"Didn't I shine your shoes at the Grand Central depot?"

"Some boy did."

"Well, I am the boy, sir, and I owe you forty-five cents. I tried to get to the train, but I couldn't—honestly I couldn't—and here is your money. I was afraid I would never see you again. I didn't intend to keep your money;" and saying this, the boy pulled out a lot of change, and, taking forty-five cents, proffered it to the gentleman.

The letter—written in Atlanta, Ga.—which relates the above incident with its pleasant sequel, mentions the recent death of Mr. ——, one of the most upright and honored citizens of that city. He was the boy who many years ago blacked the New York gentleman's boots at the "Grand Central"—and returned the "change."

The fact that the New York gentleman was so pleased with little Paul that he adopted him and educated him, only adds a circumstance to the biography of a boy who probably would have grown up a good man without the aid of wealthy friends. One act of simple integrity illustrated his character—and his sacrifice to principle was gain, here and eternal.—*Youth's Companion.*

QUEENS' HORSES.

The Use to Which Turtles Are Put Along the Amazon River.

"Some years ago," said a friend, who was a famous traveler, and with whom I was exchanging turtle experiences, "I found myself up the Amazon so far that I imagine I was the only really white man in the country. The natives and half-bred Portuguese held undisputed possession. I was well received everywhere, the people being extremely hospitable, and among the curious things that I noticed was that almost every family kept turtles just as we do pigs. In other words, attached to nearly every little house was a pen or corral in which one or more turtles were confined as the family meat-supply, and killed as occasion required. The turtles were extremely large, some weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and were three feet in length, and proportionately stout and bulky. I found that they formed one of the most important articles of diet in the country, and many of the natives earned a living by catching and selling them to the richer people.

"My first glimpse at these huge turtles was at a small hut where I observed a child sitting in a bath tub made of the shell of one, and this led to my becoming acquainted with the originals, for my host observing my interest in the animals told me that a regularly-organized hunt was to take place in a few days, and as his men were going he invited me to join them. On the morning of the hunt we went to a little settlement about five miles up the river, and there waited for the entire party, the members of which were arriving every minute in their canoes in fours and fives. Having some time to wait I went ashore and strolled about, and at one of the houses I found that the turtles in their usefulness were not restricted to food but were utilized by the native children as perambulators. Hearing a shouting in one of the corrals I looked over the fence and there were two little urchins, each mounted on a large turtle, and evidently racing, as each rider sat astride of the shell, and with a piece of bamboo split at the end urged the phlegmatic steeds along at a pace which might have been a mile a week, as the turtles, aroused at the noise of the blow, would scramble ahead a foot, for it certainly could not be felt; but the moment their heads protruded far enough to see the diminutive rider they would take alarm, draw in neck, tail and feet, and stop suddenly to recover courage and repeat the maneuver a moment later—the riders varying the performance by standing upon the backs of their steeds and frisking about like circus riders.—*C. T. Holden, in Chautauquan.*

His Patience Was Exhausted.

Young lady at hotel, to caller—Ah, Mr. De Doode. You have left our hotel, I believe?

Mr. De Doode—Ya-as, don't you know.

Young lady—So sorry. What ever could have possessed you?

Mr. De Doode—Aw, Miss Fwawnces, it was the beastly napkins, don't you know. The waitah bwought them in dwamp, don't you know, and they gave me a tewific cold in the head. A man cawn't stand every thing, Miss Fwawnces.—*Washington Critic.*

Asteroids of 1886.

The year 1886 has added eleven new asteroids to the list, which now numbers 264. Seven of the strangers were discovered by Dr. J. Palisa, of Vienna, who has found no less than fifty-seven in all, while three were discovered by Dr. Peters, of Clinton, who is now credited with forty-six. No. 258, Tyche, was found by Dr. R. Luther, of Dusseldorf. No. 254 has been named Augusta; 255, Oppavia; 257, Silesia; 259, 260, 261, Aletheia, Huberta, and Prymno, respectively. The remaining four are still unnamed.—*Science.*